

NO CESSATION OF EVENTS IN NEWPORT, SAYS NANCY WYNNE

Members of Fashionable Summer Colony Will Continue Entertaining on Lavish Scale Until After Horse Show. Interesting Cape May Gossip

The coming week promises to eclipse its predecessor in the number of entertainments given for the Newport Colony. It is a week of course, always attracts many of the best of the colony. Last week ran in a close second, for every night the visiting artists played were much feted. Harry Payne Whitney's dance for Flora Rice, who gave one of the largest dances of the week on Friday night, had a breakfast served to their guests at 4 o'clock in the morning, as did the Pembroke Joneses on Thursday. It does seem an odd custom, and yet nothing tastes better in the wee sma' hours than steam-heated coffee and muffins with bacon and scrambled eggs.

as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Frost at their cottage in Cape May.

Mrs. James G. Kitchen, of 449 Locust avenue, is spending August at Buck Hill Falls.

Mr. Benjamin Cooper, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel L. Henri, of 5443 Greeno street.



MRS. LEO ABRAHAMS Mrs. Abrahams before her marriage this month was Miss Fay Burger

Along the Reading Among the members of the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club who entertained at the dinner dance given at the club on Saturday night were Mr. Gordon Seymour Carrigan, Mr. J. S. Walker, Mr. John S. Baker, Mr. W. A. Lawrence, Mr. H. Boyd, Mr. W. A. Lawrence, Mr. W. H. Hurlbut, Mr. T. H. Wheeler, Mr. W. J. Ryan and Mr. H. H. Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bray and their family, of Hattoro, are spending the summer at their cottage at Watch Hill, R. I.

Miss Reba Becklin, of Abington, is spending some time at Lake George.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Kessler and their son, Master William Kessler, of Logan, are spending August in Atlantic City. Mrs. Kessler was formerly Miss Lillian Jegan, of Glenside.

Bala-Cynwyd Mr. and Mrs. Henry Critchley Legge, of 137 Union avenue, Bala, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter on August 19. Before her marriage was Miss Alice Hazel McIlwaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McIlwaine.

West Philadelphia Mrs. Albert B. Steiner, of Broomall avenue, and Mrs. James Graham, of Harrisburg, Pa., are spending August in Atlantic City. Mrs. Steiner will visit friends in Reading, Pa., for an indefinite period.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Adams, of 492 West street, are spending the summer in Atlantic City, where they have taken apartments. They will not return to the city until October.

Miss Eva Robertson, of 613 South Fifty-first street, has left for Mount Carmel, Pa., for a month's visit, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Kiefer, of Mount Carmel, who is a student at Wilson College. Miss Kiefer has just completed a summer course at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. George Westenberg, of 5148 Chancellor street, are spending a week with relatives at Iona, N. J.

Tioga Mr. and Mrs. C. Harry Johnson, of 2639 North Twenty-first street, with their infant daughter are spending several weeks at Pitman, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Kerr, of Ontario and Twenty-third streets, have left for Lake Winnebago, N. H., where they will remain until autumn.

Miss Virginia Lynch, of 1844 West Tioga street, is visiting Mrs. Carey Williams, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robertson, of West Venango street, have returned from Ocean City, N. J., where they were guests at the summer home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Liggett, of Carlisle, Pa. They were accompanied by Miss O. Robertson.

North Philadelphia Mrs. Kleemann, of Eastington, who is spending some time at the Bellevue Hotel, Sea Isle City, has Miss Carolyn Darrach, of North Third street, as her guest.

South Philadelphia The marriage of Miss Margaret Gavanagh, of Passyunk avenue, and Morris Joseph, of Green street, took place on Wednesday, August 16, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston L. Alfco, of 1522 Latona street, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on Friday, August 18.

Kensington Miss Janet Aarons and Miss M. Scott, of 135 West Susquehanna avenue, and Miss Nettie Ehweswiler are at the Lafayette Hotel, Wildwood, for several weeks.

Frankford Mrs. Van Arsdale and her daughter, Miss Alice Van Arsdale, of 6421 North street, Olney, have returned from a week's stay at Hesterton, Md.

Miss Marion Arnold, of 1013 Tulp street, entertained the members of her card club at dinner on Saturday evening.

Lansdowne Mr. and Mrs. William G. Nelson, Jr., and their children, of Lansdowne, who have been spending some time in Avondale, are now visiting Mrs. Nelson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Barnard, of Bryn Mawr, for several weeks.

Mr. Charles M. Brown, of Owen avenue, has been spending the week-end in Chesapeake.

Delaware County Miss Anna Brown, of Manchester avenue, Media, has Miss Margaret D. Green, of Philadelphia, as her guest. Miss Brown entertained Miss Green at the home of Mrs. Brown, of Chester, for several days.

WEST PHILADELPHIA "LIVE WIRES" CLEAN UP COBB'S CREEK SECTION

Sherwood Improvement Association Members, Neighborhood Enthusiasts, Rout Mosquitoes From Vicinity of Homes

When that job was over the members turned to the next improvement. They decided to build a bridge, between Whittier avenue and Willows avenue, over the creek, between the two streets. Before that bridge was there one had to make a wide detour to get across the stream.

Mr. Williams owns up to being almost as much of an engineer as a salesman, which latter vocation he follows on weekdays, and he drew up the plans for the bridge. They got the best timber for the bridge from the Spruce Knob and Hoffman avenue, about a mile.

It took them some time to do it, but when they finished their neighbors began to remark that the mosquitoes weren't biting any more. The work was laborious; there was cutting and hauling and sawing and sawing. It was in consequence of Doctor Turner's solicitation that Mr. Patrick made the gift.

George Singleton, owner of five silk mills in various parts of the country, will start another mill in the new town, according to the negro newspaper, the Negro World.

Dr. Algernon B. Jackson, superintendent of the Mercy Hospital, of this city, an institution for the aged, is also associated with the movement. An extensive canning industry is said to be planned, and a brother of the late Booker T. Washington, now a member of the faculty of Tuskegee Institute, has signified his intention of supervising this phase of the community's life.

Doctor Turner believes that the colony will be a success as a seaside resort for colored people, as well as a smaller hotel to provide for the white men and negroes who visit the place as an object of interest, will be erected.

The entire plan is said to have met with the approval of the white residents of the South. Doctor Turner believes that colonization represents the only real solution of the negro problem. Public schools, he says, will be organized and an attempt made to obtain a Federal appropriation for the educational institutions. Children will be instructed in trades, and inefficient and slothful negroes will be banished from the island.

GIMBEL CHILDREN PICNIC Three Hundred and Fifty Juvenile Employes Guests of Member of Firm

Three hundred and fifty juvenile employes of the Gimbel Brothers store participated in the sixth annual picnic of employees at the new building at Broad and Market streets. The picnic was held on Sunday, August 13, at the new building. The picnic was held on Sunday, August 13, at the new building.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 21.—James Seligman, a retired stockbroker, died at the age of 92 years. He was the oldest member of the New York Stock Exchange.

His life cannot be better told than in his own words, spoken on the eve of his 83rd birthday: "I was born in 1824 in Balesdorf, Germany. My mother conducted a store independently of my father, who was a woolen merchant, and looked after the home as well. I was sent to the village school until I was 11 years old. Then they sent me to Floss, 109 miles from home, to learn the weaver's trade from my uncle's aunt. Three years later I returned to Balesdorf. When I was 9 years old two workmen of people left Balesdorf for America and my oldest brother, John, went with them. He went to Pennsylvania, where he obtained a position as cashier in a coal mine at a salary of \$400 a year.

PRINCETON TO HAVE POE IN NEW ATHLETIC FIELD War Hero's Class Managing Fund Being Raised

PRINCETON, Aug. 21.—Johnny Poe, of the "Black Watch," who was killed "somewhere in France" last September, will be honored at Princeton this fall when the brackets and watches, some gold-plated, some silver, will be presented to Old Nassau's football game.

Poe Field has been dedicated for a student athletic field, and it is being prepared by the aid of a fund of several thousand dollars raised by Princeton alumni, led by Poe's class of 1895. Poe Field will be the first corner of the campus that visitors will see on their coming to the university and go from there to the Stadium.

BABY BORN IN HEARSE WHILE MOTHER RIDES TO HOSPITAL Life and Death Go Together in Chicago Funeral Procession

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Life and death were fellow travelers for a brief period in Chicago last night. And death drove out of its way that life might survive.

FACTS ABOUT NAVY TOLD IN LITTLE BOOK The greatest difficulty in getting a sufficient number of the right kind of recruits for the navy, according to recruiting officers, arises through ignorance and misconception on the part of parents generally, concerning the conditions of life in and the advantages offered by the service. In view of this fact, a booklet telling just what the navy will do for a young man and his opportunities for advancement has been issued by the Navy Department.

HUNGARIANS KEEP HOLD HERE Three thousand men, women and children of the Hungarians, participated in the day of the high hills in the West Philadelphia district, which was the day of the high hills in the West Philadelphia district, which was the day of the high hills in the West Philadelphia district.

LARGE NEGRO COLONY BEGUN AT SUGGESTION OF PHYSICIAN HERE

Community of 15,000 Planned in South Through Efforts of Dr. John P. Turner, School Medical Inspector

THE APPROACH of the door again, drawing his revolver.

"What are you going to do?" "Blow the lock off," he announced grimly. He put the muzzle in line with the key-hole, turned his head away and pulled the trigger.

There was a crashing detonation—the revolver's report magnified by the narrow confines of the room—and a splintering, smashing sound, mingled with the tinkling of a cloud of smoke hung about the entrance, through which I could see him tugging madly at the knob.

He swore angrily. "These infernal old houses are built, half choked with the sulphurous fumes," were built to stand forever. This lock is like a rock."

The next instant he fired again. This time the report was coincident with the crash and the door swung slowly open, the lock ripped entirely out of place.

"There you are!" exclaimed Sevrance, waving me out into the hall.

I preceded him, glanced narrowly up and down the hall, and then, with a gasp, I saw that the door was not closed. I saw that the door was not closed. I saw that the door was not closed.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Blow the place."

"To what end? They're gone. They've proved that entirely."

"Do you suppose," he argued impatiently, "that a racket like that could break out in an inhabited house and fall to bring every living soul to see what was up? No. You can't make up your mind to it. They're gone."

"You're right, I reckon." Another "Of course," he said, "Gordon. Another thing that proved it—they locked us up, but they didn't take the trouble to remove our weapons, not even to take them away. As you know, that's the time we got over the effects of Doctor Ching's sleeping potion they would be too far away to care whether or not we happened to be armed."

"Then why did they lock—"

"In case something should go wrong while we were taking the medicine. Suppose they were asking for us to wake up? What then? Come along—it's no use shilly-shallying here. We'll interview Thompson."

His reasoning seemed well founded. I fell in with it, grumbling.

"What do you suppose caused it? Why should they do this way? It's not like fashion. You're to treat us in this cavalier way."

"You forget that they play the dickens of a game of hide-and-seek. They have no time to stand upon ceremony. Chances are that Holzborn didn't give her leisure to think."

"Yes," I contended, "but Holzborn—how was he to travel, trucked as he was?"

"A ruse, a feint to trick me in this way. No, he was not to be taken in. He was to get us for ever out of the game. He was to get us for ever out of the game. He was to get us for ever out of the game."

"What is that?" I confessed I was unable to attribute the noise to any human agency. Sevrance replied, "It was a heavy door. 'I can't take that wagger.' I was already convinced. 'Treading lightly, we followed the sound."

THE PEARL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE "THE Author of BRASS BOWL"

SYNOPSIS Gordon Trull, a young New York society favorite, and Captain Hans von Holzborn, a German nobleman, are invited to the ball of the Embassy in London. The ball is given by the hostess of the Embassy, Lady Herbert, formerly Julia von Holzborn, who is the widow of the late Lord Herbert, who died of cholera. The ball is given by the hostess of the Embassy, Lady Herbert, formerly Julia von Holzborn, who is the widow of the late Lord Herbert, who died of cholera.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.) HE APPROACH of the door again, drawing his revolver.

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hunted it down to its source, which was found by his head upon a table in the main dining hall, asleep in a chair.

It was Grady, even as Sevrance had surmised; Grady dived and dived to the wide world. A whisky bottle, half full, a couple of empty soda water bottles, and a dry, drug-stained glass at his elbow showed us the way of his undoing.

Sevrance shook the man vigorously by the collar as a terrier shakes a rat. The only response he got was a couple of muffled snorts. It became plain that Grady had succumbed to double the dose which had been administered to me at the least. It was impossible to do anything with him.

Nevertheless, between the two of us we contrived to get him to the front door, where we plumped him down in the open air, hoping that it might help to revive him.

There was no time to be lost; we felt that our doubts, our hopes and fears must be resolved at once, else we should go mad with anxiety—and chagrin. Together we ran down the winding carriage drive to the gatekeeper's lodge, deriving an immense relief from the fresh air, the fresh cold air, the fresh cold air.

"It is no matter, Grady," Sevrance told him kindly. "Rest and get yourself in shape. We return to the Rainbow tonight. Grady, when we saw him, showed up as broken as any man who ever put in a full week of hard drinking. His head was splitting, his assured, and his mouth tasted desperate' bad. As for his nervous system it was an utter wreck, evidenced beyond question by his incoherence, his restless eye and the paler of his hands."

"Lave me slape till aevenin', he begged, 'an 'tis meself who will be a new man. 'Twas that Dutch divil, Fritz, that egged me on to the drink, sor. Shure, an 'I'll never forgive meself for takin' his ugly neck-may the black rot seize him! Will yer honor be after forgivin' me, sor?"

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"That her ladyship may have left us something whereby we might trace her. She took that trouble once before. The housekeeper may have been intrusted with a note for you. It may have been returned, or be now on her way."

"Confound it!" I cried exasperated. "Why tantalize me with false hopes, Tony?"

Nevertheless, his suggestion served to rouse me out of my gloom. I followed him with more interest up the carriage road to the hall. It was a bare possibility—what he had hinted.

"We opened the front door and stepped into the shadowed interior of the great, paneled main hall.

The chill desolation of the place struck into my heart. Instinctively I felt assured that our quest was to prove fruitless. On the contrary, Sevrance debated aloud over a puzzling circumstance.

"Now, I asked Thompson again," he pondered, "and I got a positive that he heard the door locked up from the back. The door was unlocked when we came down this morning. Doors don't unlock themselves, Gordon. He must have been in the house."

"He is mistaken," I doubted honestly. Before the cold ashes of the great fireplace we paused by common consent. We recognized, and I felt positive that he heard the door locked up from the back. The door was unlocked when we came down this morning. Doors don't unlock themselves, Gordon. He must have been in the house."

"I fairly held my breath for a full minute, but beyond the beating of my heart I heard nothing. Still, Sevrance seemed unsatisfied, restraining my impatience with a commanding gesture.

"Wait!" he whispered. "Wait but a moment longer, Gordon. I am sure—"

The scampering of a mouse within the wainscoting startled me. "That!" I sneered contemptuously. "Not—not that! Listen! I followed him. And then I, too, heard the sound which had caught his keen ears first—a faint, far, shrill tinkling. Our eyes questioned one another fruitlessly as we waited in a breathless silence for its repetition.

It came again, a mere thread of clear, fine sound. I could have imagined it the ghost of a telephone bell's sharp summons, had I not known that such a thing did not exist in the Hall. A slender, tremulous shiver of sound echoed again and again, now seeming to seep up from the very bowels of the edifice, beneath our feet, now to come from the upper regions of the great house, now to be near at hand, now far distant.

"We made nothing of it at all, and we stared one another almost out of countenance, bewildered and high alarmed.

"What can it be?" I asked, guarding my voice. "God knows," said Sevrance devoutly. He stood for a moment listless and silent, contemplating profoundly. "But I, for one, am going to find out before I leave this building."

"I'm with you there." (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE CHICK AND THE CHILD My Dear Children—Do you know what it means to COMPARE things? We can learn only by comparison. We use it constantly, especially when we are children. We say that something is as high as a mountain or that we love our mother three bags full.

I want you today to compare a small, tiny, fuzzy little chicken one day old to a baby the same age. Little Mr. Chicken comes out of his shell, nestles under his mother's warm wing until his feathers are dry and then starts to scratching for a living.

Of course, Mr. Chick watches his mother out of the corner of his eye, but just the same, at the age of one day he begins to shift for himself. He sees a nice little worm and he knows it is food. He gets hold of one end of it, and behold! his one-day-old baby brother gets hold of the other end of it and they have a royal battle.

Thus we see that Mr. Chick learns to guard and FIGHT for HIS OWN at the early age of one day. Suppose Mr. Chick with his brothers and sisters are out in the fields scratching away. Mother Hen sees a hawk sailing over the field. She gives a warning cry and she with her babies scot for shelter. How does Mr. Chick know mother is warning him?

Suppose we say, because it is INSTINCT. I have written about a little chicken. My space (my allotted number of words) is up. Suppose YOU tell me about a day-old baby. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Postoffice These days the postoffice box breathes of outdoor life and sings the song of country and surf. Dan Davis, of Pine street, West Philadelphia, writes that he is camped on the top of a high hill in Susquehanna County. The camp overlooks a beautiful lake; the last fact hints of much energetic splashing, a swimming race of two and—well, a lot of out-and-out fun that never, never will be forgotten.

Things to Know and Do When a dog's tail is wagging, it is a sign of joy. When a dog's tail is wagging, it is a sign of joy. When a dog's tail is wagging, it is a sign of joy.

"It was a bad way, I took him down to the lodge, sir, and did not, I could for him. He's in my bed now, sir."

"Did he wake up at all?" Sevrance asked listlessly. "He was trying to, sir, when I found him. But he couldn't remember nothing. I soused his head with cold water, sir—ice cold—and gave him some black coffee and put his head to sleep it off. He must have had a rare tight last night."

"He was drugged," Sevrance explained. "So we were—save that we must have been given a smaller dose of the stuff."

Indeed, we seemed to have gotten off easily. Neither Sevrance nor myself were conscious of any particular relief; but Grady, when we saw him, showed up as broken as any man who ever put in a full week of hard drinking. His head was splitting, his assured, and his mouth tasted desperate' bad. As for his nervous system it was an utter wreck, evidenced beyond question by his incoherence, his restless eye and the paler of his hands."

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JIMMY MONKEY'S CURIOSITY By Farmer Smith "I was wondering," said Jimmy Monkey one day to the Baby Baboon as they sat under the bamboo tree. "I was wondering what curiosity is."

"I don't know what it is," answered the little fellow, "but it must be something terrible, for it killed a cat once."

"No, I think it's a powder," Jimmy said thoughtfully a long while and then said, "Let's go over and ask the grocer what curiosity is."

Jimmy and the Baby Baboon scampered over to the grocer's. "Surely," answered Ginger Pop, "I keep it in jars. How many jars do you want?" "I would like to see it first," answered Jimmy.

Ginger Pop took two Mason jars down from the shelf and handed one to Jimmy and one to the Baby Baboon. "But where's the curiosity?" asked Jimmy.

"As the jars," replied Ginger Pop, very much amused. "How many are they?" asked Jimmy, taking out his pocketbook.

"The jars are 10 cents each. I give you the curiosity free—it goes with the jars." "I guess I will take the two," answered Jimmy, as he handed Ginger Pop 20 cents.

As they went out the door, Jimmy should they meet Mr. Elephant, who went in to see Ginger Pop. In a few minutes Jimmy and the Baby heard the two men laughing and laughing, and they thought they were laughing at Jimmy.

"Let's go back and see," said Jimmy. So back they went. FARMER SMITH I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Club badge. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EVERY DAY AND EVERY DAY SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. Name _____ Address _____